AN

ELEGY

VPON THE DEATH OF

MY LORD *FRANCIS*

VILLIERS.

by Andrew Marvell

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ELEGY

UPON THE DEATH OF

MY LORD [illegible]'S

[illegible]ERS.

AN

Elegy upon the Death of my Lord *Francis Villiers.*

TIs true that he is dead: but yet to chuſe,
Methinkes thou Fame ſhould not have brought the news.
Thou canſt diſcourſe at will and ſpeak at large:
But waſt not in the fight nor durſt thou charge.
While he tranſported all with valiant rage
His Name eternizd, but cut ſhort his age;
On the ſafe battlements of Richmonds bowers
Thou waſt eſpyd, and from the guilded Towers
Thy ſilver Trumpets founded a Retreat,
Farre from the duſt and battails ſulphry heat.
Yet what couldſt thou have done? 'tis alwayes late
To ſtruggle with inevitable fate.
Much rather thou I know expectſt to tell
How heavy *Cromwell* gnaſht the earth and fell.
Or how ſlow Death farre from the ſight of day
The long-deceived *Fairfax* bore away.
But untill then, let us young *Francis* praiſe:
And plant upon his hearſe the bloody bayes,
Which we will water with our welling eyes.
Teares ſpring not ſtill from ſpungy Cowardize.

The purer fountaines from the Rocks more ſteep
Diſtill and ſtony valour beſt doth weep.
Beſides Revenge, if often quencht in teares,
Hardens like Steele and daily keener weares.
Great *Buckingham*, whoſe death doth freſhly ſtrike
Our memoryes, becauſe to this ſo like;
Ere that in the Eternall Court he ſhone,
And here a Favorite there found a throne;
The fatall night before he hence did bleed,
Left to his *Princeſs* this immortall ſeed.
As the wiſe *Chineſe* in the fertile wombe
Of Earth doth a more precious clay entombe,
Which dying by his will he leaves conſignd:
Til by mature delay of time refind
The chriſtall metall fit to be releaſt
Is taken forth to crowne each royall feaſt:
Such was the fate by which this Poſtume breathd,
VVho ſcarcely ſeems begotten but bequeathd.
Never was any humane plant that grew
More faire then this and acceptably new.
'Tis truth that beauty doth moſt men diſpraiſe:
Prudence and valour their eſteeme do raiſe.
But he that hath already theſe in ſtore,
Can not be poorer ſure for having more.
And his unimitable handſomeneſſe

Made

Made him indeed be more then man, not leſſe.
We do but faintly Gods reſemblance beare
And like rough coyns of careleſſe mints appeare:
But he of purpoſe made, did repreſent
In a rich Medall every lineament.
Lovely and admirable as he was,
Yet was his Sword or Armour all his Glaſſe.
Nor in his Miſtris eyes that joy he tooke,
As in an Enemies himſelfe to looke.
I know how well he did, with what delight
Thoſe ſerious imitations of fight.
Still in the trialls of ſtrong exerciſe
His was the firſt, and his the ſecond prize.
Bright Lady, thou that ruleſt from above
The laſt and greateſt Monarchy of Love:
Faire *Richmond* hold thy Brother or he goes.
Try if the Jaſmin of thy hand or Roſe
Of thy red Lip can keep him alwayes here:
For he loves danger and doth never feare.
Or may thy tears prevaile with him to ſtay?
But he reſolv'd breaks carelesly away.
Onely one argument could now prolong
His ſtay and that moſt faire and ſo moſt ſtrong:
The matchleſſe *Chlora* whoſe pure fires did warm
His ſoule and only could his paſſions charme.

You

You might with much more reaſon go reprove
The amorous Magnet which the North doth love.
Or preach divorce and ſay it is amiſſe
That with tall Elms the twining Vines ſhould kiſſe:
Then chide two ſuch ſo fit, ſo equall faire
That in the world they have no other paire.
Whom it might ſeeme that Heaven did create
To reſtore man unto his firſt eſtate.
Yet ſhe for honours tyrannous reſpect
Her own deſires did and his neglect.
And like the Modeſt Plant at every touch
Shrunk in her leaves and feard it was too much
But who can paint the torments and that pain
Which he profeſt and now ſhe could not faigne?
He like the Sun but overcaſt and pale:
Shee like a Rainbow, that ere long muſt faile,
Whoſe roſiall cheek where Heaven it ſelfe did view
Begins to ſeparate and diſſolve to dew.
At laſt he leave obtaines though ſad and ſlow,
Firſt of her and then of himſelfe to goe.
How comely and how terrible he ſits
At once and Warre as well as Love befits!
Ride where thou wilt and bold adventures find:
But all the Ladies are got up behind.
Guard them, though not thy ſelfe: for in thy death

Th' Eleven thouſand Virgins loſe their breath:
So *Hector* iſſuing from the Trojan wall
The ſad *Iliades* to the Gods did call
With hands diſplayed and with diſhevell'd haire
That they the Empire in his life would ſpare.
VVhile he ſecure through all the field doth ſpy
Achilles for *Achilles* only cry.
Ah ignorant that yet e're night he muſt
Be drawn by him inglorious through the duſt.
Such fell young *Villiers* in the chearfull heat
Of youth: his locks intangled all with ſweat
And thoſe eyes which the Sentinell did keep
Of love cloſed up in an eternall ſleep.
VVhile *Venus* of *Adonis* thinks no more
Slaine by the harſh tuske of the Savage Boare.]
Hither ſhe runns and hath him hurried farre
Out of the noiſe and blood, and killing warre:
VVhere in her Gardens of Sweet myrtle laid
Shee kiſſes him in the immortall ſhade,
Yet dyed he not revengeleſſe: Much he did
Ere he could ſuffer. A whole Pyramid
Of Vulgar bodies he erected high:
Scorning without a Sepulcher to dye.
And with his ſteele which did whole troopes divide
He cut his Epitaph on either Side.

Till finding nothing to his courage fit
He rid up last to death and conquer'd it.
Such are the Obsequies to *Francis* own:
He best the pompe of his owne death hath shownе.
And we hereafter to his honour will
Not write so many, but so many kill.
Till the whole Army by just vengeance come
To be at once his Trophee and his Tombe.